Soon I shall not be able to bear the presence of others; I'll finally turn into a complete hermit, I believe. I work myself up and become easily irritated in the presence of anyone. The opinion of others matters to me, I believe, even more than ever. I have made very little progress in that direction. I now have about ten friendships that I am always fretting about. You would have to be pretty sure of yourself not to feel the need of constantly proving yourself.

This terrifies me: to think that the present, which we are living this very day, will become the mirror in which we shall later recognize ourselves; and that by what we have been we shall know what we arc. And each time I make a decision I am anxious to know if it is the right one.

IteA?, 29 *December*

*0* Lord, I come back to thee because I believe that all is vanity save knowing thee. Guide me in thy paths of light. I have followed tortuous ways and have thought to enrich myself with false goods. () Lord, have pity on me: the only real good is the good thou givest I wanted to enrich myself and I impoverished myself. After all that turmoil I am poorer than ever. I remember my former days and my prayers. O Lord, lead me as thou didst in thy paths of light. O Lord, keep me from evil May my soul again be proud; my soul was becoming ordinary. Oh, may those early struggles and my prayers not be in vain, . , ,

1 have lost real possessions in the pursuit of vanities that I took to be serious because I saw others believe in them. I must recover the real possessions. "Hold fast to what thou hast/** . „ Yet I knew all these things.

*SO December*

We are restless only when separated from God, and only in him clo we rest, for he is what changeth not.

We must desire only God, for all things will pass

before our desire for them is sated, or else they will remain when we no longer desire them.

These false goods deceive us; we cease to seek God because we fail to see that we are poor. We think ourselves rich because they are numerous; we have so many we cannot even count them. . . . There is only one possession that can make us rich: God. And since this possession is unique, we know very well when we do or do not possess it. It is easily counted; it is unique and yet it fills us, and that is why it rests us. 0 God, when wilt thou fill rne wholly?

31 *December*

When one has begun to write, the hardest thing is to be sincere, Essential to mull over that idea and to define artistic sincerity. Meanwhile,